

CROWN IN PILLOW OF A DEAD WOMAN

Feathers Were Woven Together by Supernatural Power, Says the Rev. O. Wilson.

WOMAN A CHURCH WORKER

Family Preserves "Evidence of Divine Favor" in Glass Case and Many Persons View It After Funeral Comments On It at Funeral

Princeton, Mo.—There is great excitement among residents of this section of the State over a strange phenomenon, which, it is alleged, was discovered after the death of Mrs. Isaac T. Holmes, a devout church worker. A "crown of feathers" was discovered in the pillow on which her head rested when she died. The Rev. O. J. Wilson, pastor of the Princeton Methodist Church, was so impressed that he referred to the fact in the funeral service, and expressed the opinion that it was a sign of divine approval of Mrs. Holmes' Christian life.

There is a tradition that "a crown of feathers" is in the pillow of every sincere Christian at the time of his death," but the Rev. Mr. Wilson says this is the first time he has ever witnessed such a demonstration. He has since made an investigation and says he has learned of a similar case.

A few minutes after the death of Mrs. Holmes, the old tradition was recalled by a neighbor who was at the bedside, and, in the presence of a dozen persons, the pillow was ripped open and a little compact crown, about three inches in diameter and "shaped like the crown of a straw hat," was found. The Holmes family have preserved the crown in a case and hundreds have viewed it.

The Rev. Mr. Wilson, when asked to give his opinion of the case, said, "I must confess that when the incident was first told to me I entertained a feeling of doubt, the same as anyone does who has not seen this crown. I thought of the many superstitious ideas which we find in every community. I feared that, perhaps, someone had made this crown and placed it in the pillow, or that the feathers had been wrought together by the restless motion of the dying woman's head.

"The next day I called at the home, where the woman lay a corpse. I saw with my eyes, and handled with my hands, a little crown of feathers, not over three inches in diameter. The feathers all are woven in one direction, the quills pointing to the center, and no quill is exposed to sight. It was exactly alike on both sides, being about three-quarters of an inch thick. "As I examined the cluster of feathers I became convinced that human hands could not possibly have put them together in that perfect way. I wish to state that I am of a scientific disposition. My interpretation of the Bible and of life would not be regarded by the old school of theology as orthodox. I do not mean to say that I exclude the supernatural from everything which has been regarded as miraculous; but I do observe that many miracles have a natural explanation. I have endeavored to find a natural explanation for this, but as yet have been unable to hit upon one. However, many theories have suggested themselves to me.

"I wish to tell of one thing that will perhaps aid in verifying the things I say. Shortly after this incident I was called over the telephone and asked to come to a certain home. When I arrived there the family presented me with a crown of feathers, exactly like the one found in the pillow. The affair had aroused so much interest that many people had examined their pillows.

"I asked if there had been any deaths in the family, and they said there had been two or three, but that the feathers had been renovated since. "Gaining their consent to tear it apart, I began, and was surprised to find how firmly the feathers were put together. Much pulling was required in order to remove the feathers from their place. I was amazed at the amount of feathers that had been worked into the crown. Seemingly only a few were necessary to compose the crown, but before I had finished I found that I had a great pile on the table before me."

The Rev. Mr. Wilson declares that an accidental arrangement of the feathers into a crown was absolutely impossible. He says that the theory that when the feathers had been picked a little of the skin of the goose had stuck to them, and that the feathers had worked about that piece of skin was also impossible.

Gravy In Her Hair, She Says Tulsa, Okla.—Mrs. Mead Roberts has found the last word in "extreme cruelty." In her petition for a divorce she alleges that her husband poured gravy in her hair.

Colt's Mouth Like Parrot's Heiskell, Tenn.—A colt having no eyes and a mouth like a parrot's was born on the farm of Lawrence Weaver near here. The colt's tongue was covered with hair resembling that on its body.

Outlives Her Twelve Children Rice Lake, Wis.—Mrs. Margaret Demers is dead, aged 97. She was the mother of twelve children and outlived them all.

GOING INTO SILENCE.

The People Who Reach old Age, Are Apt to be Placed.

The secret of the benefit derived from going into the Silence lies in the self-control and the rest to mind and body gained. It is a time for fixing and focussing the mind upon the real objects of life. The energies can then be centred upon the desired results to be obtained. In this way the practice of going into the Silence may be made of great benefit. Professor Elmer Gates, the father of more than twenty-two hundred inventions, and a scientist of note, connected with the Smithsonian Institution, makes a practice of "going into the Silence" when working out an invention. I have been told also that Edison works somewhat in the same way.

More or less quiet is necessary to the inception of new ideas. You have got to still the mind and body and let go of the old thoughts that have been holding possession of your mind and absorbing your vital energies before you can conceive and execute a new and more difficult work. Here is where going into the Silence helps you, just as sleep helps you. Life itself is cherished and prolonged by proper rest and relaxation. The people who reach extreme old age are apt to be placid and harmonious in temperament.

Dr. S. A. Stephens, who for many years has been attempting to solve the problem of living forever, from a scientific standpoint, says the first thing to do if you would prolong your life is to "rest your cell neurons until you feel that you have a full round of vim in the organism, even if a week or month is required for it. Rest and recuperate until you are in the best condition possible. This is the necessary first step, a head of vim to work with."

Might as well expect an engine to run without steam as to expect the body and mind to keep on working indefinitely without a frequent turning about and letting go, such as we get by going into the Silence.



Mickey Kavanagh, with his ginger and aggressiveness, has caught Huckle Jennings' eye. It seems likely that he will cover the second sack for the Tigers this year.

Mickey led the Tri-State in batting last year with a mark of .357. He is a versatile fielder, playing third, second and first base for York, and he also hung up a record of 49 stolen bases in 111 games. This was exceeded by only one other player in his league.

They Haven't Spoken Since.

Big Laurel, Va.—Ten years ago Bruce Hensley sold a sow which was a favorite of his wife and she vowed that she would never speak to him again. So far she has kept her word. Hensley is 65 years old and she is 63. Whenever one wants to ask the other a question the children convey the message. When the children are away and Mrs. Hensley has dinner ready she rings the farm bell, even though her husband is in the kitchen. They apparently are as devoted to one another as they were before they quit speaking.

Some atrocious statements have recently been made concerning the moral status of women who do not earn their living by gainful occupations.

Were the prices the same, the cost of furnishing an American citizen's table to-day is probably twice as much as it was fifty years ago.

By the time you have acquired wisdom everybody looks upon you as an old fool.

The man who is too busy at his work to ask for more pay usually gets it.

GAINS IN FAVOR

Horseflesh is Wholesome, Nutritious and Contains no Tubercular Germs.

The employment of horseflesh as food is in all probability as old as the world. It would have been strange indeed if ancient races had not made use of the flesh of an animal which inspires no instinctive repugnance and which may form a most valuable source of sustenance. In their interesting book on the "Cheval-Aliment" S. Bernheim and P. Rousseau have written some excellent pages on this subject, from which is culled the following:

The horse, in a wild state, say the authors, would naturally in former times, like any other piece of game, be coveted by the hunter. The animals reduced to the domestic state, the idea of eating their flesh would be easily adopted.

As a matter of fact, intricate researches have shown that man as a hunter in the quaternary epoch—the stone age of paleolithic period—was accustomed to regard horseflesh as his favorite food.

Most of the great nations of antiquity were hippophagous. The Persians, rich and poor, fed on horseflesh. Among the Greeks and Romans it was one of their choicest viands. Ptolemy and the Greek geographers gave the Sarmatians the name of Hippophagi.

Chinese, Manchurians, Cossacks and Kalmucks still hold hippophagy in honor. In China, for instance, the people eat all horses without exception. According to Father Duhalde, the people become partial to horseflesh, although the animals may die of old age or disease.

Mungo Park relates that the negroes hunted wild horses and were fond of their flesh. The traveler Phillips says that in the kingdom of Goida horses were bred as cattle intended to serve as food.

At the present day horses that are slaughtered for consumption are not, like oxen and sheep of the butcher, animals specially reared and fed with a view to their use as food. If produced under such conditions, the flesh of the horse would be sold at a much higher price. The butcher makes use only of horses which are rendered unfit for draught work, by age, hard work, accident or even disease.

The greatest number of horses slaughtered for consumption is supplied by agriculture. Cab and omnibus horses, which become unfit for work in a short time, are sold comparatively young to the horse butcher and are consequently much appreciated.

The leading horse butchers have agents who travel through the country and visit fairs. In Paris the horse market has become almost exclusively the source of supply for hippophagy. The sex, breed and mode of feeding the animals modify the quality of their flesh. Horses of a fine breed, fed on corn, are more in demand than common horses, fed on ordinary fodder. The muscular parts are more developed in stallions. Geldings and mares are generally fatter.

The color of the coat also comes into account, as white or gray horses have the reputation of being often subject to a special affection, melanosis. But age, contrary to what occurs with other species of animals, appears to have no influence on the tenderness of the flesh.

A horse weighing 1,100 pounds is today worth from \$60 to \$70. Its value has doubled during the last 10 years. A lean horse, which, after the bones are removed, will yield scarcely 325 pounds of flesh, is still worth \$30. At present the very worst horses will fetch at least \$20. Fifteen years ago they were worth only \$5.

A horse weighing 1,100 pounds, of which the omnibus horse is a type, will give 60 per cent of flesh. A minimum estimate of the amount received for the flesh and hide would give \$46.50.

This sum is sufficient to act as an inducement not to allow the poor beast to work until it is completely exhausted, when it would be fit only to be sent to the knacker and would fetch almost nothing.

In the retail sale of horseflesh precautions are taken which tend to prevent fraud and confusion. These measures provide for the carriage of horseflesh from the abattoirs to the retail shops in special vehicles; the feet must not be detached.

There are regulations concerning the sale in special shops indicated by a sign in large characters and on the duty of restaurant keepers and vendors of food products to indicate clearly the nature of the products containing horseflesh.

The extraordinary development of hippophagy in Paris is not only concerned with the consumption of horseflesh bought at a shop, but especially with the ever increasing industrial use of equine flesh in the form of sausages and pharmaceutical products, which are consumed almost always with their origin plainly indicated.

The introduction of the raw flesh in therapeutics has contributed in some measure to the development of hippophagy. The flesh of the horse has the advantage over that of the ox that it does not introduce the tapeworm into the digestive tube, and, further, tuberculosis is very rare among solipeds.

Why are these animals capable of resisting their attacks? The causes

are still unknown. Evidently there should exist in their flesh the principal resistants of such bacilli.

The poor law authorities of Paris purchase a large quantity of horseflesh every year. It amounted to 50,000 kilograms in 1904, to 80,000 kilograms in 1905, and to 90,000 kilograms in 1906.

Hippophagy has similarly advanced with giant strides in other places. In Berlin the first hippophagy slaughter houses were established in 1892. It was not long before there were 11 similar abattoirs, where about 3,000 horses were slaughtered annually. The consumption, which continued to grow, reached the figure of 12,703 in 1902. In 1907 nearly 200,000 solipeds were slaughtered in Germany.

Hippophagy has extended largely in Belgium, Austria, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Russia and Japan. In China there is a special breed of horse which is fattened with a view to its consumption. The countries in which hippophagy has made little progress are Spain, Roumania, Greece, England and Scotland.

It would be idle to insist further on these statistics as showing that the consumption of horseflesh has become almost general and that its incessant growth forms a powerful argument against the errors which are prevalent on the subject of this food. The flesh of the horse is wholesome, nutritive and eminently reparative. —L. A. G. Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Passing of 933.

When No. 933 stepped out from the train, walled enclosure and became Walter Fanning once more, he almost felt as if there had been some mistake—as if the silent, plodding sentinels must surely see him and coming at a double trot, conduct him back into the place of toil and pain.

When he had taken his seat in the train, sudden panic seized him. Why was he going home? Why was he bound for the scene of his crime—il crime it was to fight and half-kill as he had done when Nellie's hot-headed brother had come out armed and angry, prepared to blast and crush both young lives with his obstinate misunderstanding. Would anyone care to see him? Would Nellie—No. 933 smote the seat with clenched fist.

At Cedarville Fanning stole out upon the wrong side and took shelter behind a line of box-cars. He determined to proceed to the outlying woods and wait until later. He could not abide to shuffle up the old familiar paths in the ill-fitting suit of black.

He found a snug resting place in the forest near the roadside and lay upon his back. Birds sang and hopped about him; squirrels peeped and chattered; unseen things crept and rustled in the wood. A strange content came over him. A lumbering vehicle rattled in the road and he stole out to have a look. It was old "Finner Stags," whose water-closets catches he had pillaged in earlier days.

"Hey, Uncle Jerry!" Fanning called. "Old Beck needs a shoe on the left foreleg! And how's Aunt Mandy?"

The deaf old yeoman turned his head and Fanning, taking fright again, bounded into the wood.

The incident put new life into him and a sudden desire came to revisit the old haunts. It was getting late and he emerged from the forest and took the main road to town. He met no one whom he knew, while the strangers he encountered did not stare at him, so then Fanning began to forget the prison-palor and the cheap black suit. And then he topped a raise and, huddling on the outskirts of the sleepy town, he saw the cottage—the one cottage with its surrounding rose-garden that had filled his dreams at the place of hate and pain. Even at this distance he could see there were many roses.

Fanning broke into a little trot, yet hugged the side of the road, for he did not care to be seen from the cottage. As he neared the old picket fence, he heard the creak of a hammock. It was the hammock where he and Nellie had made their vows and where that had occurred—and Fanning shuddered at the thought.

Memories became too strong for him and he prepared to leave. But somehow he edged in closer. Then a soft, low voice came from the swinging hammock. It was the quaint ballad she had sung that very evening when it occurred. Fanning gave a great gulp and would have bounded away; but as if moved by an irresistible force, he found himself approaching the creaking gate. The girl ceased to sing and assumed the funny little pose of chin upon right hand that she had been won't to take when he told her his hopes and dreams. And Fanning, shuddering in anticipation of the expected scream stopped in front of the girl and wept.

But the girl merely fixed a pair of good, brown eyes upon No. 933 and said quietly:

"I am glad you have come, Walter. I have waited here for you since that night."

Fanning trembled and put his hand to his forehead. "But Bob—your brother?" he asked.

A figure, striding out in the darkness, paused before him. "Why, Fanning," said his late adversary, "you here? sit down man, I want to apologize—to tell you how I misunderstood and jumbled things."

With an inarticulate gurgle of joy, Fanning sank into the creaking hammock. It was the passing of 933.—Stuart B. Stone.

ELOPERS SEPARATE, REPORT FROM PARIS



Mrs. Philip Hichborn and son. Mrs. Philip Hichborn and Horace Wylie, the Washington clubman who deserted his family to elope with her, are reported to have separated in Paris. The previous reports were that they were living happily near Paris under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Wilborn and that they had one child.

A year after the elopement Mrs. Hichborn's husband, heart-broken, committed suicide. Their child, Philip Hichborn, Jr., has been adopted by his aunt, Mrs. Paul Parsall.

WAS DANISH SHIP TO BLAME?

When the Danish coal steamer arrived at Montreal its captain and crew were placed under arrest. The steamer was attached in a suit for \$2,000,000, brought by the owners of the ill-fated "Empress of Ireland."

Captain Anderson claims that he did all he could to prevent the collision, and that he had the right of way. On his behalf it is said that after the collision he promptly lowered all his boats, although his own vessel seemed in danger of sinking, and picked up as many as possible of the passengers and crew of the "Empress" who were struggling in the water.

"SHAMROCK" NOT A BEAUTY.

London yachting experts say that the "Shamrock IV," which is to try for the America's cup next September is a "freak." But, though ugly in appearance, its great spread of sail may count for speed.

ESCAPES FROM GERMAN PRISONS

How Col. Saussier Got Out of Grandenz—Gen. Zurlinden's Feat. About a dozen precedents for the escape of Capt. Lux from his German prison can be found in the history of the Franco-German war, and a large proportion of the heroes of them lived to become famous.

A notable case was that of General (then Colonel) Saussier, ultimately commander in chief of the French army, who was detained at Grandenz, in the extreme east of Prussia. It is said that he put his bolster to bed instead of himself, hid in an obscure corner of the fortress until nightfall and then, having obtained a disguise by the help of his orderly, was allowed to walk out of the main prison gate.

He crossed the frontier to Poland and returned to France by way of Austria and Italy.

Gen. Zurlinden was another prisoner who got out of his prison at Glogau in Silesia, on Christmas eve. He made his way in disguise through Berlin, Frankfurt and Karlsruhe to Basle, a feat which was not difficult for him, as being an Alsatian, he spoke German quite as well as his jailers.

Thirdly, we may note the experiences of M. Palu Deroude who escaped from Breslau, and it is pleasant to recall that that vehement anti-Semite did not disdain to disguise himself as a Polish Jew. He was very nearly betrayed by a peasant whom he had bribed to guide him into Bohemia; but he drew his knife with a ferocious gesture and the peasant changed his mind, with the result that M. Deroude saw the final lights of the wars as a sub-leutenant of Turcos.—Westminster Gazette.

Marie Antoinette's Letter. The president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has in his possession a letter written by Marie Antoinette to her perfumers agreeing to pay for feminine fixings on the installment plan.

Religion in Parliament.

There are 24 evangelical Christians among the 42 members of the Labor party in the British House of Commons.

Individual Spoons Carried.

The cry is now for the individual drinking cups. In Queen Elizabeth's time every guest at a banquet brought his own spoon with him.

Good umbrellas in Korea can be bought for about 12 cents. They are covered with oiled paper.

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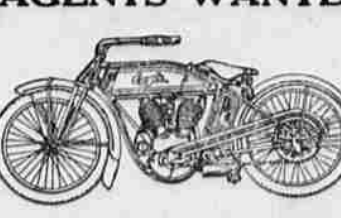
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